The Jackson Herald

B. F. LUSK, Publisher.

JACKSON, : : : MISSOURI.

THE SPENDERS

A Tale of the Third Generation

By HARRY LEON WILSON

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Of course it's art," Percival agreed; "er—all—hand painted, I suppose?"

"Sure! that painting alone, letters and all, cost $450. I've just had it put up. I've been after that place for years, but it was held on a long lease by Max, the Square Tailor—you know. You probably remember the sign he had there—'Peerless Pants Worn by Chicago's Best Dressers,' with a man in his shirt sleeves looking at a new pair. Well, finally, I got a chance to buy those two back lots, and that give me the site, and there she is, all finished and up. That's partly what I come on this time to see about. How'd you like the wording of that sign?"

"Fine—simple and effective," replied Percival.

"That's it—simple and effective. It goes right to the point and it don't slop over beyond any, after it gets there. We studied a good deal over that sign. The other man, the tailor, had too many words for the board space. My advertisin' man wanted it to be, first, 'Higbee's Hams. That's All.' But, I don't know—for so big a space that seemed to me kind of—well—kind of flippant and undignified. Then I got it down to 'Eat Higbee's Hams.' That seemed short enough—but after studying it, I says, What's the use of saying 'eat?' No one would think, I says, that a ham is to paper the walls with or to stuff sofa cushions with—so off comes 'eat' as being superfluous, and leaving it simple and dignified—'Higbee's Hams.'"

"By the way," said Percival, when they were sitting together again, later in the day, "where is Henry, now?"

Higbee chuckled.

"That's the other thing took me back this time—the new sign and getting Hank started. Henry is now working ten hours a day out to the packing house. After a year of that he'll be taken into the office and his hours will be cut down to eight. Eight hours a day will seem like sinful idleness to Henry by that time."

Percival whistled in amazement.

"I thought you'd be surprised. But the short of it is, Henry found himself facing work or starvation. He didn't want to starve a little bit, and he finally concluded he'd rather work for his dad than anyone else.

"You see Henry was doing the Rake's Progress act there in New York—being a gilded youth and such like. Now being a gilded youth and 'a well-known man about town' is something that wants to be done in moderation, and Henry didn't seem to know the meaning of the word. I put up something like $180,000 for Hank's gilding last year. Not that I grudged him the money, but it wasn't doing him any good. He was making a monkey of himself with it, Henry was. A good bit of that hundred and eighty

"THEN I JOUNCED HANK."

went into a comic opera company that was one of the worst I ever did see. Henry had no judgment. He was too easy. Well, along this summer he was on the point of making a break that would—well, I says to him, says I: 'Hank, I'm no penny-squeezer; I like good stretchy legs myself,' I says; 'I like to see them elastic so they'll give a plenty when they're pulled; but,' I says, 'if you take that step,' I says, 'if you declare yourself, then the rubber in your legs,' I says, 'will just naturally snap, you'll find you've overplayed the tension,' I says, 'and there won't be any more stretch left in them.

"The secret is, Hank was being chased by a whole family of wolves—that's the gist of it—fortune hunters—with tushes like the ravening lion in Afric's gloomy jungle. They were not only cold, stone broke, mind you, but hyenas into the bargain—the father and the mother and the girl, too.

"They'd got their minds made up to marry the girl to a good wad of money—and they'll do it, too, sooner or later, because she's a corker for looks, all right—and they'd all made a dead set for Hank; so, quick as I saw how it was, I says, 'Here,' I says, 'is where I save my son and heir from a passel of butchers,' I says, 'before they have him scalded and dressed and hung up outside the shop for the holiday trade,' I says, 'with the red paper rosettes stuck in Henry's chest,' I says."

"Are the New York girls so designing?" asked Percival.

"Is Higbee's ham good to eat?" replied Higbee, oracularly.

"So," he continued, "when I made up my mind to put my foot down I just casually mentioned to the old lady—say, she's got an eye that would make liquid air shiver—that cold blue like an army overcoat—well, I mentioned to her that Henry was a spendthrift and that he wasn't ever going to get another cent from me that he didn't earn just the same as if he wasn't any relation of mine. I made it plain, you bet; she found just where little Henry boy stood with his kind-hearted, liberal old father.

"Say, maybe Henry wasn't in cold storage with the whole family from that moment. I see those fellows in the laboratories are puttering around just now trying to get the absolute zero of temperature—say, Henry got it, and he knows nothing about chemistry.

"Then I jounced Hank. I proceeded to let him know he was up against it—right close up against it, so you couldn't see daylight between 'em. 'You're 25,' I says, 'and you play the best game of pool, I'm told, of any of the chappies in that Father-Made-the-Money club you got into,' I says; 'but I've looked it up,' I says, 'and there ain't really what you could call any great future for a pool champion,' I says, 'and if you're ever going to learn anything else, it's time you was at it,' I says. 'Now you go back home and tell the manager to set you to work,' I says, 'and your wages won't be big enough to make you interesting to any skirt-dancer, either,' I says. 'And you make a study of the hog from the ground up. Exhaust his possibilities just like your father done, and make a man of yourself, and then some time,' I says, 'you'll be able to give good medicine to a cub of your own when he needs it.'"

"And how did poor Henry take all that?"

"Well, Hank squealed at first like he was getting the knife; but finally when he see he was up against it, and especially when he see how this girl and her family throwed him down the elevator shaft from the tenth story, why, he come around beautifully. He's really got sense, though he doesn't look it—Henry has—though Lord knows I didn't pull him up a bit too quick. But he come out and went to work like I told him. It's the greatest thing ever happened to him. He ain't so fat-headed as he was, already. Henry'll be a man before his dad's through with him."

"But weren't the young people disappointed?" asked Percival; "weren't they in love with each other?"

"In love?" In an effort to express scorn adequately Mr. Higbee came perilously near to snorting. "What do you suppose a girl like that cares for love? She was dead in love with the nice long yellow-backs that I've piled up because the public knows good ham when they taste it. As for being in love with Henry or with any man—say, young fellow, you've got something to learn about those New York girls. And this one, especially. Why, it's been known for the three years we've been there that she's simply hunting night and day for a rich husband. She tries for 'em all as fast as they get in line."

"Henry was unlucky in finding that kind. They're not all like that—those New York girls are not," and he had the air of being able if he chose to name one or two luminous exceptions.

"Silas," called Mrs. Higbee, "are you telling Mr. Bines about our Henry and that Milbrey girl?"

"Yep," answered Higbee, "I told him."

"About what girl?—what was her name?" asked Percival, in a lower tone.

"Milbrey's that family's name—Horace Milbrey—"

"Why," Percival interrupted, somewhat awkwardly, "I know the family—the young lady—we met the family out in Montana a few weeks ago."

"Sure enough—they were in Chicago and had dinner with us on their way out."

"I remember Mr. Milbrey spoke of what fine claret you gave him."

"Yes, and I wasn't stingy with ice, either, the way those New York people always are. Why, at that fellow's house he gives you that claret wine as warm as soup.

"But as for that girl," he added, 'say, she'd marry me in a minute if I wasn't tied up with the little lady over there. Of course she'd rather marry a sub-treasury; she's got about that much heart in her—cold-blooded as a German carp. She'd marry me—she'd marry you, if you was the best thing in sight. But say, if you was broke, she'd have about as much use for you as Chicago's got for St. Louis."

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME LIGHT WITH A FEW SIDE LIGHTS.

The real spring comes in New York when blundering nature has painted the outer wilderness for autumn. What is called "spring" in the city by unreflecting users of the word is a tame, insipid season yawning into not more than half-wakefulness at best. The trees in the gas-poisoned soil are slow in their greening, the grass has but a pallid city vitality, and the rows of gaudy tulips set out primly about the fountains in the squares are palpably forced and alien.

For the sumptuous blending and flaunt of color, the spontaneous awakening of warm, throbbing new life, and all those inspiring miracles of regeneration which are performed elsewhere in April and May, the city-pent must wait until mid-October.

But spring is not all of life, nor what at once chiefly concerns us. There are people to be noted; a little series of more or less related phenomena to be observed.

One of the people, a young man, stands conveniently before a florist's window, at that hour when the sun briefly flushes this narrow canyon of Broadway from wall to wall.

He had loitered along the lively highway an hour or more, his nerves tingling responsively to all its stimuli. And now he mused as he stared at the tangled tracery of ferns against the high bank of wine-red autumn foliage, the royal cluster of white chrysanthemums and the big jar of American Beauties.

He had looked forward to this moment, too—when he should enter that same door and order at least an armful of those same haughty roses sent to an address his memory cherished. Yet now, the time having come, the zest for the feat was gone. It would be done; it were ungraceful not to do it, after certain expressions; but it would be done with no heart because of the certain knowledge that no one—at least no one to be desired—could possibly care for him, or consider him even with interest for anything but his money—the same kind of money Higbee made by purveying hams—"and she wouldn't care in the least whether it was mine or Higbee's, so there was a lot of it."

Yet he stepped in and ordered the roses, nor did the florist once suspect that so lavish a buyer of flowers could be a prey to emotions of corroding cynicism toward the person for whom they were meant.

From the florist's he returned directly to the hotel to find his mother and Psyche making home-like the suite to which they had been assigned. A maid was unpacking trunks under his sister's supervision. Mrs. Bines was in converse with a person of authoritative manner regarding the service to be supplied them. Two maids would be required, and madame would of course wish a butler—

Mrs. Bines looked helplessly at her son, who had just entered.

"I think—we've—we've always did our own buttling," she faltered.

The person was politely interested.

"I'll attend to these things, ma," said Percival, rather suddenly.

"Yes, we'll want a butler and the two maids, and see that the butler knows his business, please, and—here—take this, and see that we're properly looked after, will you?"

As the bill bore a large "C" on its face, and the person was rather a gentleman anyway, this unfortunate essay at irregular conjugation never fell into a certain class of anecdotes which Mrs. Bines' best friends could now and then bring themselves to relate of her.

But other matters are forward. We may next overtake two people who loiter on this bracing October day down a leaf-strewn aisle in Central park.

"You," said the girl of the pair, "least of all men can accuse me of lacking heart."

"You are cold to me now."

"But look, think—what did I offer—you've had my trust—everything I could bring myself to give you. Look what I would have sacrificed at your call. Think how I waited and longed for that call."

"You know how helpless I was."

"Yes, if you wanted more than my bare self. I should have been helpless, too, if I had wanted more than—than you."

"It would have been folly—madness—that way."

"Folly—madness? Do you remember the 'Sonnet of Revolt' you sent me? Sit on this bench; I wish to say it over to you, very slowly; I want you to hear it while you keep your later attitude in mind."

"'Life—what is life? To do without avail
The decent ordered tasks of every day;
Talk with the sober; join the solemn play;
Tell for the hundredth time the self-same tale
Told by our grandsires in the self-same vale
Where the sun sets with even, level ray,
And nights, eternally the same make way
For hueless dawns, intolerably pale—'"

"But I know the verse."

"No; hear it out;—hear what you sent me:

"'And this is life? Nay, I would rather see
The man who sees his soul in some wild cause;
The fool who spurns, for momentary bliss,
All that he was and all he thought to be;
The rebel stark against his country's laws;
God's own mad lover, dying on a kiss.'"

She had completed the verse with the hint of a sneer in her tones.

"Yes, truly, I remember it; but some day you'll thank me for saving you; of course it would have been regular in a way, but people here never really forget those things—and we'd have been helpless—some day you'll thank me for thinking for you."

"Why do you believe I'm not thanking you already?"

"Hang it all! that's what you made me think yesterday when I met you."

"And so you called me heartless? Now tell me just what you expect a woman in my position to do. I offered to go to you when you were ready. Surely that showed my spirit—and you haven't known me these years without knowing it would have to be that or nothing."

"Well, hang it, it wasn't like the last time, and you know it; you're not kind any longer. You can be kind, can't you?"

Her lip showed faintly the curl of scorn.

"No, I can't be kind any longer. Oh, I see you've known your own mind so little; there's been so little depth to it all; you couldn't dare. It was foolish to think I could show you my mind."

"But you still care for me?"

"No, no; I don't. You should have no reason to think so if I did. When I heard you'd made it up I hated you, and I think I hate you now. Let us go back. No, no, please don't touch me—ever again."

Farther downtown in the cozy drawing-room of a house in a side street east of the avenue, two other persons were talking. A florid and profusely freckled young Englishman spoke protestingly from the hearth-rug to a woman who had the air of knowing emphatically better.

"But, my dear Mrs. Drelmer, you know, really, I can't take a curate with me, you know, and send up word won't she be good enough to come downstairs and marry me directly—not when I've not seen her, you know!"

"Nonsense!" replied the lady, unimpressed. "You can do it nearly that way, if you'll listen to me. Those westerners perform quite in that manner, I assure you. They call it 'hustling.'"

"Dear me!"

"Yes, indeed, 'dear you.' And another thing, I want you to forestall that Milbrey youth, and you may be sure he's no farther away than Tuxedo or Meadowbrook. Now, they arrived yesterday; they'll be unpacking to-day and settling to-morrow; I'll call the day after, and you shall be with me."

"And you forget that—that devil—suppose she's as good as her threat?"

"Absurd! How could she be?"

"You don't know her, you know, nor the old beggar, either, by Jove!"

"All the more reason for haste. We'll call to-morrow. Wait. Better still, perhaps I can enlist the Gwilt-Ataelston; I'm to meet her to-morrow. I'll let you know. Now I must get into my tea harness, so run along."

We are next constrained to glance at a strong man bowed in the hurt of a great grief. Horace Milbrey sits alone in his gloomy, high-ceilinged library. His attire is immaculate. His slender, delicate hands are beautifully white. The sensitive lines of his fine face tell of the strain under which he labors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PLUMP AND PETITE.

Our country has many authors,
Whose books we love to read;
It also boasts of artists
Whose pictures are fine indeed;
But, if you'll look closely, you'll notice
In every celebrity,
Be it an artist or author,
A peculiarity.

We love Mr. "So-and-So's" latest book,
The heroine is so sweet;
To look at the illustrations
Is just a perfect treat;
But now I'll tell you the trouble
That stares at me always, so grim,
The girl of both artist and author
Is always tall and slim.

Oh! what can we do, my sisters,
Who are under five feet three,
Or, who (in horror I write it)
Are nearing obesity?
Is there no one to sing our praises,
Or to call us neat and trim?
Is she always to be foremost,
The girl who is tall and slim?

Yet the future must hold a champion
Who will cry to the world: "I repeat,
The girl whom I admire
Must always be plump and petite."
Yes, a time must come, my sisters,
When all the praises from him
Will not be forever directed
To the girl who is tall and slim.
—Dorah B. Holzman, in Times-Democrat

These Explanations.

Senator Foraker, at a dinner in Washington, quoted with a laugh an extravagant and incredible statement that he had read in a magazine. When some one attempted to explain, he said:

"The thing is preposterous, and all the explanations in the world won't alter its preposterousness. These explainers. They are never at a loss, are they? They remind me of old James Scarlett of Rainsboro.

"There was nothing which James Scarlett of Rainsboro could not explain.

"One winter night he was reading a volume of the Seaside Library to his family gathered about the fireside. With his spectacles on his nose he droned along like this:

"'Gwendolen de Vere Hastings lowered her limpid blue eyes, and Lord Algernon Mannering took her slim white hands in his, and crushed her to him in a passionate embrace.

"'At that moment, five minutes past 12 sounded from the castle belfry, and—'

"But here young Miss Scarlett interrupted.

"'No clock could strike five minutes past 12,' she said.

"'Certainly it could,' James snorted 'It was five minutes slow.'"

"Patent Pending."

Although Miss Hobbs had lived her whole life in a New Hampshire village, she saw no reason why her horizon should be narrowed or her circle small, relates Youth's Companion.

At the age of sixty she was relieved of the last of her family cares by the death of a paralytic; she then promptly joined the Society for Dispelling Gloom, and began correspondence with eight other members in different parts of the country. She began to send orders by mail to one of the Boston shops, and at last announced her intention of going to the city for a day or two.

In the care of a Boston niece, Miss Hobbs made a tour of the shops, but she intended to reserve her purchasing for one that "had done so well by her through the mail."

"I've got a list of things they've advertised, special," said Miss Hobbs, and when they reached the desired shop she consulted the slip of paper held tightly in her hand; then she looked benevolently over her glasses at the young man behind the counter.

"Whereabouts shall we find that 'patent pending' I see advertised on that new darning-egg your folks sent me?" she asked him. "It's such a curious name, I'm all of a whew to see it."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Sunday School Lesson for July 15, 1906

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 10:25-37. Memory verses 32, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. 4:7.

TIME.—A. D. 29, a few weeks after the last lesson.

PLACE.—In Peri beyond Jordan. The scene of the parable was on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.—Works of love and mercy as a characterization of the kingdom of heaven. Enjoined in the Old Testament, e. g.: Prov. 21:3; Isa. 58:6-8; Jer. 7:5-7; Hos. 6:6; Mic. 6:8. Taught in the New Testament by Christ. Matt. 5:16; 7:12, 21; 22:39; 25:35; 25:31-46; Luke 10:25-36, etc. By the apostles: 1 Cor. 13:3; 2 Cor. 9:1-15; Eph. 2:10; 2 Thess. 2:17; 1 Tim. 6:17-19; Tit. 3:8, 14; Heb. 10:24; 13:16; Jas. 2:14-26; 3:17; 1 Pet. 2:12. Done in the name of Christ: Mark 9:40, 41; Phil. 1:11; Col. 3:17. Christ's own example: Matt. 11:4-6; Luke 4:17-21; John 9:4-6; 2 Cor. 8:9, etc.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 25. "Stood up." Rose to indicate his purpose of a discussion. This implies that Jesus was in some house, perhaps discoursing on this very subject of eternal life. "And tempted him." Rather, tested or tried him as to his teachings, whether they were wise and good, and accorded with, or different from the teachings of the scribes. He tested him by some of the controverted questions of the day. "Saying, Master," or teacher—equivalent to rabbi or rabboni. Jesus was an acknowledged teacher, as the lawyer was. "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" How can I as a child of God inherit from my heavenly Father, and so have possession of, eternal life? Eternal life cannot be earned nor bought, but only inherited.

V. 26. "He said unto him." Jesus did not himself quote the commandments, as in the case of the rich young ruler (Luke 18:18-20), but as it was the business of this scribe to know the Scriptures, and as he acknowledged their authority and taught them, he referred the question back to him—"What is written in the law?" He thus avoided all carping criticism.

V. 27. "And he answering said," quoting Deut. 6:5, and Lev. 19:18. It was probably a well-known summary.

V. 28. "Thou hast answered right." For he had taken, not tradition, but the Scriptures for his authority. Hence, his answer agreed with the teachings of Jesus.

V. 29. The Jewish scribe willing, i. e., desiring, to justify himself, because he was not so sure that he lived up to the standard, and possessed this love which was eternal life. "Said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?" The lawyer apparently thought that by certain limitations as to who were meant by his neighbors, "Jews spelled large," he might still feel some assurance that he was possessed of eternal life.

V. 30. "A certain man went (was going) down from Jerusalem to Jericho." "The road was a path—for there was no such road as is familiar to us—very dangerous, lying much of the way in a deep ravine through soft rocks in which caves and chambers abounded. It is still necessary to have an escort in passing over that road."

V. 31. "A certain priest." Jericho was one of the residences of the priests, who took turns at ministering in the temple. "He passed by on the other side" of the ravine, as far as possible from the wounded man.

V. 32. "And likewise a Levite." A Levite was one of the tribe of Levi; a priest was of the family of Aaron in that tribe. The Levites performed the humble services of the temple, as cleaning, carrying fuel and acting as choristers.

V. 33. "But a certain Samaritan." The Samaritans were a mixed race, descended from a commingled ancestry of Jews and heathen at the time of the captivity.

V. 3. "Bound up his wounds," requiring personal care and gentleness, "pouring in (rather "on them," R. V.) oil and wine," the usual remedies in the east, and commended by Greek and Latin physicians. "Set him on his own beast," while he himself walked beside him.

V. 35. "And on the morrow . . . he took out two pence" (denarii) from his girdle, worth about 16 cents each, but the usual pay for a day's labor (Matt. 20:2), so that it was equivalent to $3 or $4 in our day. "Whatsoever thou spendest more," etc. He did all he could, consistently with his other duties.

V. 36. "Which now of these three . . . was (proved, became) neighbor unto him?" "Ask yourself, not whom you are bound to love and aid, but whom you would wish to love you and aid you if you needed it, and you will know who is your neighbor."—Maclaren.

V. 37. "Go, and do thou likewise." Then you will know that you have eternal life. The question with him now was no longer one of understanding the law, but of obeying it; not, Who is my neighbor, but, Do I love him?

Practical Application.

1. The test of our love to God is our expressed love to our neighbor, because that is the outward visible fruit of love to God.

2. Jesus Christ was the best type and example of the Good Samaritan. The human race had fallen among thieves, and had been robbed of hope, character, happiness, heaven. But Jesus came from heaven because he had compassion. He bound up man's wounds at infinite cost. He brought him to the inn, his church, the company of his people, the "palace beautiful," he cares for him to the end,

BRYAN'S VERSATILITY.

Makes a Grand Stand Play for the Votes of Fledgling Socialists.

W. J. Bryan has been "off the main route for some time," but it has come to his knowledge that some Democratic state conventions have nominated him in advance as the Democratic candidate for president in 1908, and we have a report of his comments upon that fact, says the Chicago Chronicle.

He appreciates the compliment, though it is "sudden"—by which, possibly, he may mean premature. Be that as it may, he is quoted as saying that it is too early "either to make or discuss political plans for 1908." There certainly is time for a good many things to happen during the two years between the nomination by Missouri and the nomination by the national Democratic convention.

These are times of hysteria, sham and real, and things that are said and done about a nomination for the presidency two years in the future are liable to become damaged in cold storage during the interval. The eulogiums recently pronounced by the penitents Cols. Watterson and Vilas may look silly in June, 1908.

While Col. Bryan realizes that it is too early for him either to make or discuss political plans for 1908, he cannot resist the temptation to talk. Possibly the colonels of the other metallic persuasion strongly suspected such would be the case, and that may account for their otherwise startling eccentricity in coming forward so promptly as representatives of the Palmer and Buckner gold men and pronouncing their sonorous eulogiums upon the great apostle of 16 to 1. They may have had the idea that if they broke forth into panegyric Mr. Bryan would certainly break forth into speech which is silver, instead of maintaining the silence which is golden, and talk himself to death before 1908.

If so their expectations are in a fair way to be realized. Mr. Bryan certainly has made a good beginning if the dispatches from Berlin do him no injustice. He is reported from that city as praising the Republican reformers and exhorting the Republican party to listen to their voice and get the start of the Democrats in the reform business. If the people really like the sort of reform now in the air they will naturally hold fast to the party which first takes up the reform work. If they do not like it what will become of Mr. Bryan and the rest of the Democratic reformers?

Mr. Bryan is further quoted: "My political career discloses no instance where I have abandoned any principle formerly espoused. So far as silver is concerned, I can only say that events have fully vindicated the position of the bimetallists."

Now, there is something for Mr. Francis and Cols. Watterson and Vilas and the Democratic men of affairs in the east to ponder. Do they think that Mr. Bryan has already begun to talk too much and is in a fair way to get a terrible shaking as Pollparrot did when she said "Sick 'em!" once too often to the dog?

In this same deliverance Mr. Bryan lets us all know that he not only stands for bimetallism still, but also for government ownership and operation of public utilities on a tremendous scale. He has abandoned no principle formerly espoused and he has thoroughly committed himself to government ownership.

He attempts to make a distinction between "Democracy," by which he evidently means such ownership, and socialism. "Democracy," he says, "recognizes competition as legitimate and tries to protect the competitive principle from attack. Socialism sees competition as an evil to be eliminated by public ownership and operation of all means of production and distribution."

But he hastens to add that, "while this distinction between Democracy and socialism should not be overlooked, the Democratic platform must be one of progress and reform and not merely of opposition to Republican policies or socialistic ideas."

That is to say, the Democratic party should be hospitable to socialistic public ownership ideas in order to gather in the votes of half-fledged socialists.

This may be satisfactory to "conservative Democrats" whose sleep is disturbed by the specter of socialism, but it will not attract to the support of Mr. Bryan men who care to offer strenuous resistance to socialistic tendencies.

☞Even if Mr. Bryan's boom should have no substantial results otherwise, it may give him the necessary material for "The Third Battle." Meanwhile NOW is the time to subscribe for the Commoner.—Chicago Tribune.

☞Try the new and improved Bryan. Everything modern and up-to-date. Guaranteed to go well in harness, and not to run amuck. No Democrat of any variety can hereafter afford to be without this wonderful development of the last ten years.—Advt. — Indianapolis News (Ind.).

☞For the third time the Democratic party is calling Mr. Bryan to lead it. In 1908 the Republican party will "call" him for the third time, and when he shows down his hand he will probably have the same old pair of deuces.

☞Disregarding the causes that have led to the importation of $50,000,000 in gold during the past few weeks, we would like to ask if such importation could or would have taken place if we had had an adverse balance of trade such as we have always had under free trade tariffs!—American Economist.